Home Magazine

THE BOWERY CAVALIERS.

A ROMANCE OF THE NETHER WORLD BOHEMIA.

By OWEN KILDARE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

"Oyster" Brady, Hugh Delaney and a gang of Bowery boys are at a taproom known as "The Tub." Brady is outwardly a typical Bowery habitue. Delaney is better educated. They suggest the formation of a club and are proceeding to business when the cry of a woman in distress reaches them from the street. They rush out to the rescue.

The woman is named Nellie O'Day. While Brady thrashes a man who had insulted her Delaney takes her home. The two become rivals for her love. Brady challenges Delaney to fight for her.

CHAPTER III.

The Brewing of the Trouble.

In view of the fact that the fight was to be for a purse, it might be said that both rivals displayed too much commercialism in this affair of the heart. But to consider the event a money-making scheme was very far from their minds.

The purse was merely one of the usual adjuncts of such happenings. True, it was not intended to be a demonstration of the many beauties of the manly art of self defence, yet, as both were proficient in the science, it was accepted as a matter of course that everything would be managed in the customary way. This included seconds, referee and other essentials, and all this could not be had for the asking—this knowledge, like many others, not being free and gratuituous; and as both Brady and Delaney had not the money to spare for these necessities, the purse was absolutely obligatory.

Besides, as the fight was to clear the way to the lady's heart at the expense of the loser, the winner could find good use for his share of the purse in accelerating matters to such a happy ending that future battles would not have to be fought on the field of strife.

There are some who say that the fighting does not always end with the wedding, and that even man and wife sometimes—oh, but that is a song with a different refrain.

One, whose relation to it all we have entirely neglected, is the stake—the girl.

In the days of knights and fair ladyes it was the proper caper to scrap with one another before an arena full of people to win the damosel. Their battles were not as mild as ours. They were invariably to the finish and governed by no other rules than the all-important one: "Do your opponent, and do him good."

What did she do while they were executing frantic manoeuvres to get at each other in spite of all the tinware hanging about them? Did she faint, or cry for mother, or rush in between the two gallants? History—at least as much of it as I know—answers to this: "Not on your life." She sat in her private box, watching every move, and as soon as one had conquered—and even while the other fellow would be squirming in the sand wishing to be rid of some of his iron clothing, which must be awfully inconvenient when one is after having a shaft driven through the spot where appendicitis causes so much havoc in our days—she would rise, bend over the balustrade and, to the fanfare of trumpets and cymbals, would give the knight either a rose or ribbon and the permission to become her champion, which meant that no matter what trouble she would get herself into, it would be his duty to get her out.

A good deal of all this is left to us yet, and, though they may deny it, no girl hates to become the centre point between two fiery rivals. And it is not amiss that it should be so!

You know, when speaking of girls I only mean those of mine own people whom I can understand; girls who are flesh and blood and who owe their dazzling prettiness to nature and not to art.

But even in society—this, of course, I have only from hearsay—they have the same spirit crop out in a different way. There men go into Wall street and either make barrels of money or go broke in the endeavor to find favor with the lady, or they go in for honors in this or that field of endeavor.

Shorn of all its trimmings, the thing is the same in all spheres and circles. Given the right girl, men will kill each other, become heroes, saints or rascals, as ever the case may be.

Nellie O'Dale was a girl worth striving for, but it is doubtful if she would have consented to the contest. As it was, she was left entirely in ignorance concerning it until it was all over—and then things always are so different.

Bowery ethics were responsible for this, for both men, without mentioning it, understood that neither was to take unfair advantage or to solicit the interest of the girl.

There was no fear of it coming to her from other sources, as the matter was kept quiet and was only known to the select few who had received the tip and who were willing to contribute to the purse.

There were many details connected with it, and Brady, whose happy hunting-ground for years had been the district in which Nellie resided, often found himself in her neighborhood on errands of business to the sports and saloon-keepers.

He had not called at her house since the eventful meeting on the "music evening," and he longed with all his heart to get sight of her before facing his enemy, Hughy Delaney.

"If I could only onct see that beautiful little face o' hern and hear her talk the way she does, I'd make Hughy look like a bursted firecracker after the Fourth of July."

When least expecting it, his wish was gratified.

Hurrying through Mott street one night he almost collided with her.

"Hello, Mr. Brady, what is your hurry? You are getting to be quite a stranger. You ought to know that mother and I are always glad to see you. You must call soon."

"Oh, that's all right, and much obliged," stammered Brady, now having the opportunity and not knowing how to profit by it. "You know I don't like to go no place where I don't know whether I'll be welcome or not, and"——

"I am surprised at you," exclaimed Nellie, indignantly. "You should not speak like that. I am sure that both my mother and I have never given you cause to think that you were not welcome. It hurts me to have you say anything like that Mr. Brady."

"See, there it is again. Didn't I tell you? I—I'm always 'Mr. Brady,' and he—why it's nothing but Hughy here and Hughy there. If I'm as good as him why don't you call me by my front name?"

Nellie O'Dale did not know whether to laugh or get angry.

"Why, that would hardly be fair. You see Hughy Delaney called quite frequently after the unfortunate incident in Bayard street and naturally"—here the girl made an imperceptible pause—"we became better acquainted, as you during all that time never came to the house, and was only met by me occasionally on the street. And, furthermore, even did I want to call you by your first name, it would be impossible for me to do so, as I do not know it."

"Oh, my name is Frank; but listen, Nellie. All this sounds very nice and I always like to hear you talk with that nice voice o' yourn, but it's too thin. I've been doing a lot o' thinking lately, and I believe that if you knew me twice as long as you know him you wouldn't call me Frank or think as much o' me as you do o' him."

The girl was stunned by the directness of his utterance.

"You have no right to talk that way to me, Mr. Brady. I'm not answerable to you. But if you really wanted to make yourself more agreeable than Hughy—I mean, Mr. Delaney—you are surely not going the right way about it. I have to go upstairs, mother is"——

"Nellie, Nellie, don't throw me down like that," pleaded Brady. "I'm crazy from the very love o' you, and I know I'm saying things I should not. You know I ain't got the gift o' gab and the fine manners, but, Nellie—and you know it—there ain't no man in this world who loves you more'n I do. From the very first night when I saw you in Bayard street I had your picture in my mind and heart, and I've been praying every day since that you might give me a little of your love. Nellie, tell me, can't I have your love?"

The girl permitted him to take hold of her hand, but did not answer.

"Or at least answer me this question," urged Brady. "Do I stand the same chance as Hughy Delaney?"

She angrily tore her hand away.

"It seems to me you cannot talk without drawing Hughy Delaney's name into it. Your question is absurd, and you should learn from Mr. Delaney how to mind your own business."

"Oh, that's the way the wind blows," murmured Brady, comprehending the situation; "well, you don't have to drive it into my head with a club for me to understand it. But, Nellie, don't you think for a moment that I'm the kind of a blood to give you up like that, and maybe a day'll come when you'll change your mind. As for Mr. Delaney, I think I'll mind some o' his business for him before long. So long, Nellie O'Dale. You're the finest girl in all New York, even if you did give me the walking papers."

Nellie gazed after him and, a deep sympathy stirring in her heart, called him.

"Mr. Brady! Mr. Brady—Frank! Come back, please, I want to tell you something."

Brady, in spite of his misery, felt a glow of satisfaction at being called by his "front name," and hastened back.

"I don't want you to leave thinking me an inconsiderate and ungrateful girl," conciliated Nellie. "I shall never forget how brave you were in my behalf, but there are always some things that cannot be helped. Let us be friends, and I wish I could do something to show you how highly I appreciate you. Is there anything I can do?"

Brady reflected for a moment.

"Yes—yes, there is something. Promise me that if the—no, I mean, if the unexpected should happen and I should get—gee! I almost put me foot in it that time—no, what I mean is this: promise me that I'll be the first one you tell it to when Hughy pops the question, will you?"

"Oh, what a silly thing! You misunderstand how Mr. Delaney and I"——

"I don't do nothing of the kind. I understand, all right, all right. Will you promise to let me know as soon as Hughy proposes—whether you take him or not?"

Brady finished rather lamely.

"Oh, if it will make you better satisfied, yes, I promise," and after shaking hands they parted, not to meet again for a long time.

Swayed by many emotions, Brady made his way to the Bowery, still having to transact business connected with the fight.

"I'm hanged if I know what I'm going to fight for now," he soliloquized. "She's as much as told me how the land lays, and if I lick him I suppose she'll be sorer than ever on me for spoiling his beauty, and my chances to win her'll be very much on the fritter. I wonder if she would change her mind if there's a good purse and I show her all the money I won? No—no! that girl ain't like that. And if she was I don't think I'd care to have her. No, Nellie girl, you're all right and you ain't married yet; and even if I can't win you now by fighting for you, I guess a good licking won't do that blond friend o' yours any harm."

Still in spite of his philosophical way of looking at the condition, Brady was far from being in an amiable frame of mind when he arrived at the sporting house of Barney Flynn, the King of the Bowery, whose headquarters were on the very edge of Chinatown.

To make matters worse, Hughy Delaney, also on business, was at the place, and it required all of the Bowery King's urbanity and diplomacy to prevent an encounter.

It was a wondrous royal palace, and yet many crowned kings do not exercise the undisputed sway of this majesty of the Bowery.

The long bar was crowded with men who bore upon them the stamp of their calling. Nine-tenths of them were longshoremen or men working in some capacity along the river front. Facing them and hanging opposite the bar was the portrait of a man shrewd of face and arrayed in a stunning "front," who almost seemed to mock them. It was the picture of the only Chuck Connors.

From the back room, where many were sitting around the tables, too tired to take their liberal potions standing at the bar, came the quaint old ditties and come-all-ye's dear to the hearts of those who love the shamrock, played with perfect rhythm and intonation on a flute, which was relieved at intervals by an equally skilful fiddler.

But the aristocracy of the royal court did not mingle with the others to-night, and the King, with Brady, Delaney, Chuck Connors and a few more courtiers, was holding court on the sidewalk right beside the very useful little side door.

It was just about the hour of evening when the many representatives of our civilization make their instructive excursions into the den-world of the heathen Chinee for purposes of study.

And such a study!

Three dark, dim blocks, only lighted here and there by the faint illumination of some Chinese restaurant or store. The street and sidewalk thronged with pigtailed figures who can barely conceal their contempt for these white invaders who come to feast their eyes on scenes which, here loathsome, there stirring you to the marrow with misery, are never uplifting, cheering nor profitable.

And what share is given to those quiet ones who, wrapped in their shawls, stare at you from doorway or window with dreamy, unseeing eye? A glance of commiseration, a passing word of pity, perhaps, but that is all.

But the chink does not object to your coming. You are "easy" when you set out to have a "good time," and here, in these appropriate surroundings, he will gladly help you to have it.

The King and his court were idly watching the gaping crowds turn into Pell street.

Chuck Connors was relating the latest farce, which had been played for the delectation of some swell literary folks and which was certain to find its way into print as one of those "delightfully, realistic bits of slum-life described by a masterly pen."

"Speaking of swells," said Barney, after the laugh at the expense of the literary experts had been enjoyed, "that puts me in mind that a bunch of them is going to be down to-night to arrange to come to that little scrap of Brady's and Delaney's. You fellows want to stay around so that I can introduce you, and besides, they might want to see the real thing in Bowery style, and we have to fake up something for them, or else they might think those friends of theirs who have been writing about us people, have had pipe dreams in one of the bunks down the street."

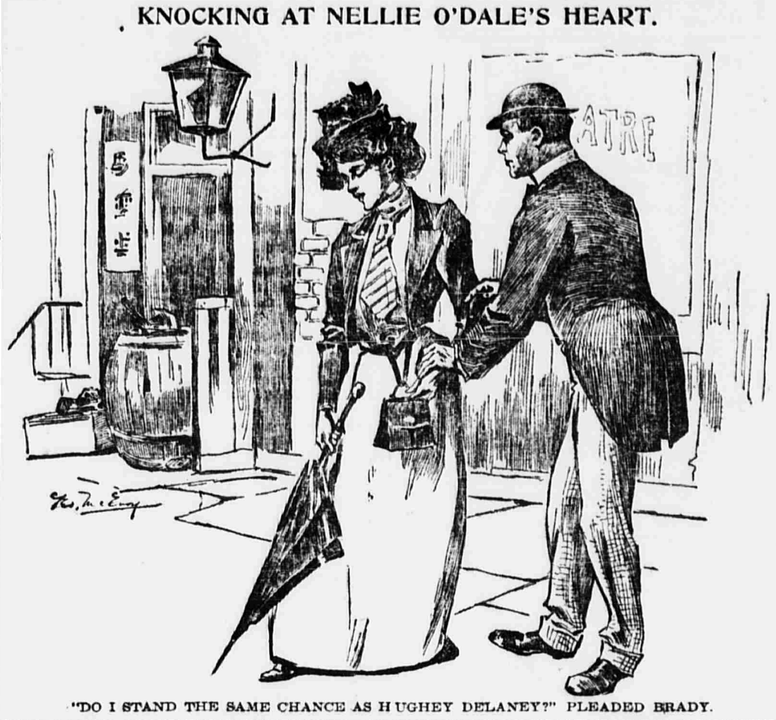
The information was received with great appreciation, and a general outline of action was prepared.

Delaney had been in his usual high spirits throughout the evening, but Brady, unable to forget his interview with Nellie O'Dale, had given himself up to brooding and was wrought up to a dangerous pitch.

This was especially unfortunate at the time, as the next five minutes had that in store for him which, by his hasty impulse, plunged him into an action which was followed by the most serious consequences.

(To Be Continued.)

KNOCKING AT NELLIE O'DALE'S HEART.



"DO I STAND THE SAME CHANCE AS HUGHEY DELANEY?" PLEADED BRADY.

MAY MANTON'S HELPS FOR HOME DRESSMAKING.

DAINTY SUMMER GOWN.

Shirred Waist 4128—Shirred Circular Skirt 4101.

Full skirts and waist that are simply shirred to form yokes are among the features of the late summer and are always charming. This smart gown is made of embroidered muslin and is finished with tucks at the lower edge of the skirt, the only trimming being found in the collar and cuffs or Irish lace.

The foundation for the waist is a lining that fits smoothly and snugly. On it is arranged the waist proper, which is cut in one piece, shirred to yoke depth, and stitched to it on the lines of the shirrings. The sleeves are shirred in harmony and give the snug effect above with soft full portion below that is suggestive of the Hungarian style. At the wrists are cuffs that are formed in points over the hands, and at the neck is a regulation stock, which last closes with the waist at the centre back. By using thin material, the same as the outside, for the lining, and cuttin goff at the last line of shirring in waist and sleeves, a transparent effect can be obtained, while at the same time the shirrings are held in place.

The skirt is slightly circular and is laid in three narrow tucks at the lower edge. The upper portion is shirred and arranged over a foundation yoke which fits perfectly over the hips. When a contrasting yoke is used it is cut from this pattern, and the skirt is cut off as indicated in the pattern.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for waist, 5 yards, 21 inches wide; 4¼ yards, 27 inches wide; 3¾ yards, 32 inches wide, or 3 yards, 44 inches wide; for skirt, 9¾ yards, 21 inches wide; 9 yards, 27 inches wide; 7½ yards, 32 inches wide, or 5 yards, 44 inches wide.

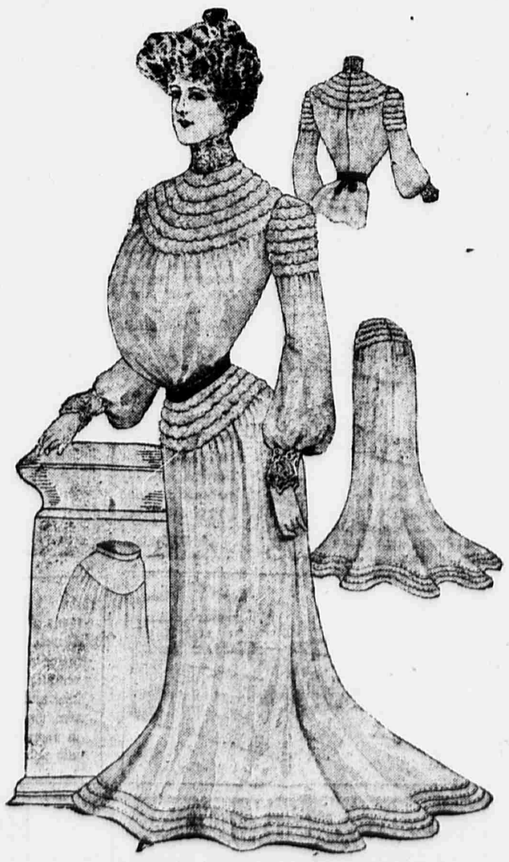
The waist pattern 4128 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34 and 36 inch bust measure. It will be mailed for 10 cents.

The skirt pattern 4101 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24 and 26 inch waist measure. It will be mailed for 10 cents.

If both patterns are wanted send 20 cents.

If in a hurry for your pattern send an extra 2-cent stamp for each pattern, and they will be promptly mailed by letter post in sealed envelope.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."



MAY MANTON'S DAILY FASHION HINT.

This is a sketch of the fashionable costume which May Manton describes in these columns to-day. Patterns may be obtained through The Evening World by following Miss Manton's directions.

Questions in dressmaking, whether they concern new dresses or the remodelling or making over of old ones, will be answered by May Manton in these columns.

A Reader of The Evening World.—A coronation cape, so-called, consists merely of a long flat scarf of lace which is draped round the shoulders and droops nearly to the waist line. It calls for no pattern, but for the milliner's art, and can only be made effective by most careful and artistic draping.

* * *

M. Pitts.—The new French coat, No. 4,175, would be a stylish model for your baby boy of two years, and will look well made of the dark rich red Bedford cord like sample inclosed. For the trimming bands of mixed black and white braid, or folds of red taffeta silk to match the material, worked with French knots (if you do not mind work) and faggoted between, would be appropriate, and to give it a light touch, which all babies require, a cream or ecru lace collar worn at the neck could be attached so as to be easily removed for laundering when necessary. Line the coat with taffeta, percaline or sateen to match the material.

* * *

Mrs. A. M. Roemer—I am sorry that your letter could not be answered sooner, but with so many coming each must take its turn. I would advise you to make your gown after the model illustrated in The Evening World of Aug. 4—Waist No. 4,065; skirt, 4,065. Use green velvet for the bands and white mousseline for the full front.

* * *

L. C.—Little girls will wear "Gibson" dresses all through the autumn and winter. Nothing could be better for your daughter's school frock of blue serge than the pattern 4,096, illustrated in The Evening World of July 30. She can wear a belt of the same stitched or one of patent-leather.

HIS ONLY REGRET.

One century ago died Xavier Bichat, the famous physician and anatomist, author of "L'Anatomie Generale." He probably dissected more human corpses than any other man in the world's history. He established a record when he opened 625 bodies during one winter. He was not a vivisectionist, and was wont to say, "I would rather dissect two dead people than kill one chicken."

Of his nerve a tale is told. When he lay on his deathbed he called his colleagues to him and said: "Dear friends, I am done, but what comforts me is the fact that my case is a remarkable one. I have had unusual symptoms for some days which I have analyzed. They have greatly surprised me." The doctors sought to reassure him. He answered that he was under no illusion with regard to himself. "I shall die fairly satisfied with my life and go to the grave with only one regret—one great sorrow.

"What is that?" he was asked. "I am distressed that after death I cannot dissect my own body. I could, I am certain, have made some beautiful scientific discoveries." Then he sank back, murmuring, "I must not think about it, it won't bear thinking of."

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

"Why did the evil spirits enter into the swine?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

"'Cause hogs will eat any old thing," replied little Sammy.

Teacher—Tommy, what is the difference between a comma and a period?

Tommy—A comma is a dot with a tail to it and a period is a bobtail dot.

Teacher—How old are you, little girl?

Little Girl (new pupil)—Six years old.

Teacher—You are very small for your age.

Little Girl—Yes, ma'am. I guess it must be 'cause we've always lived in a flat.

First Small Boy—What's your name?

Second Small Boy—Frederick; but they call me Freddy for short. What's yours?

First Small Boy—Percy.

Second Small Boy—Oh, then I suppose your full name is Percerick!

"Mamma," said five-year-old Tommy, "I'll bet my pony can beat you."

"Why, dear, what do you mean?" asked the astonished mother.

"I mean in a race," replied the youngster. "I heard papa say that you could talk faster than a horse can trot."

FIRST PATHFINDER.

Just ninety-eight years ago, on May 14, 1804, there started the first and greatest of all the Government's expeditions for the exploration of the great west. This was the one conducted by Lewis and Clark, whose headquarters while the party was preparing for its journey had been in St. Louis. The expedition entered the Missouri on that day, went up that river in that season to the Mandan Indians' country, a little north of the present Bismarck, in North Dakota, which they reached on Nov. 2, and where they remained until April 7, 1805, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Then they proceeded up the Missouri to a point not far from its sources, crossed the continental divide, entered the Clearwater River, went down that stream to the Snake River, thence to the Columbia, and followed the Columbia onward to the Pacific, which they reached on Nov. 7, 1805, where they passed the winter. They started on their return on March 23, 1806, diverging from their former course at two or three points, followed up the Columbia and its tributaries, crossed the divide again, entered the Missouri and arrived at St. Louis on Sept. 23, 1806.